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The Long Island FISHERMAN

JANUARY 18th, ISSUE NO. 3, 1973

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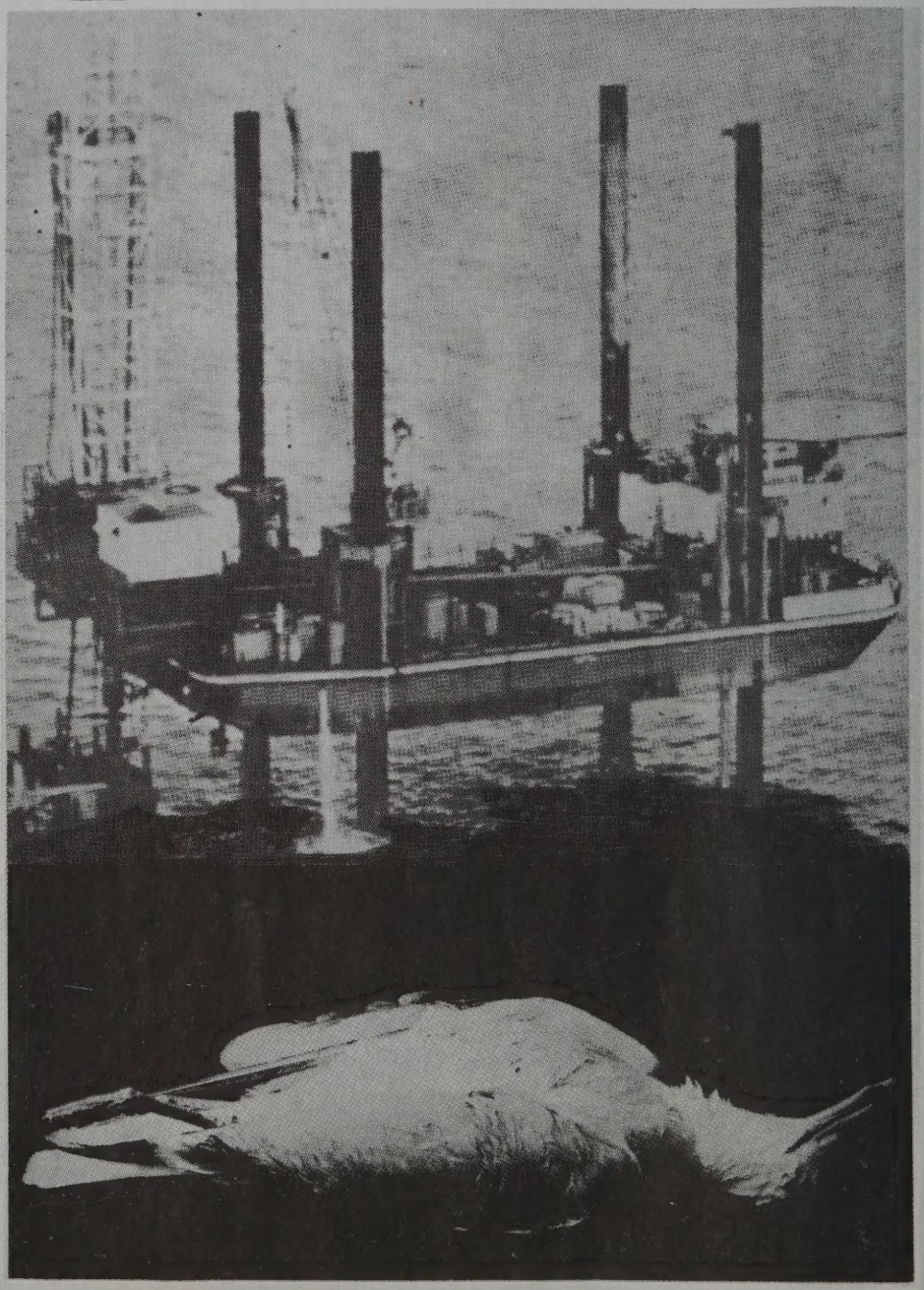
This composite (by L.I.F.) is a representation of the kind of thing that HAS happened and that would happen on Long Island, come the oil rigs offshore.



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The Long Island FISHERMAN

THE LARGEST WEEKLY GUIDE FOR FISHERMEN IN THE N.Y. AREA

VOL. 8, NO. 3 JANUARY 18, 1973

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FRONT PAGE PHOTO

Dick Mermon reminisces prior to his winter tackle-work. For this vital part of fishing - the tackle-work, see page 4.

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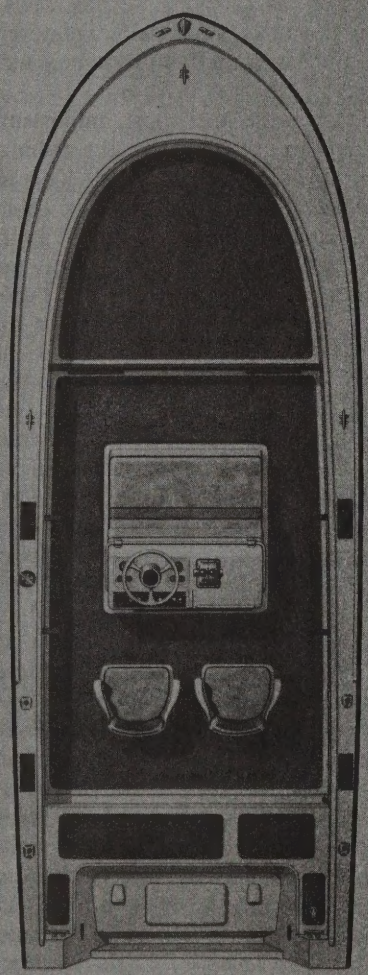

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TACKLE CHECK TIME

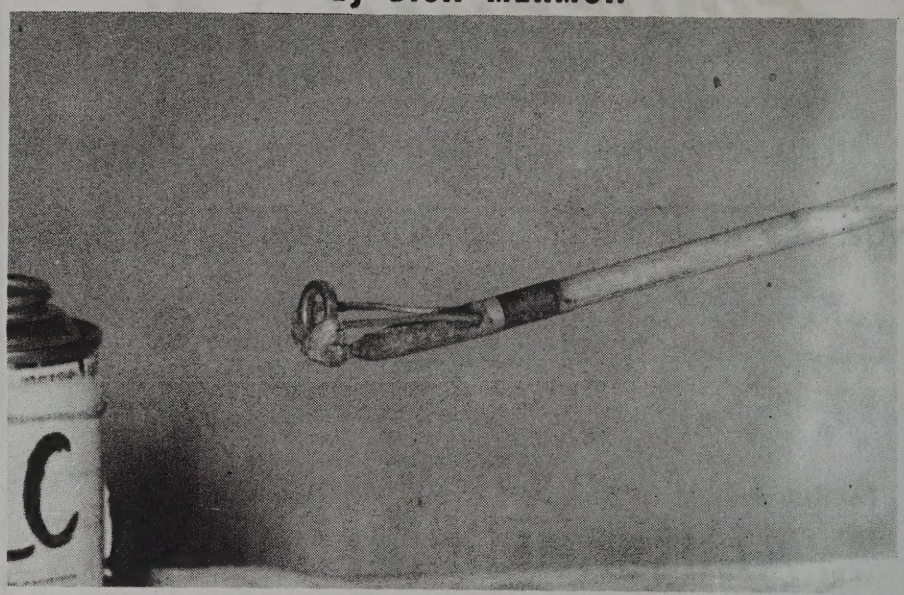
by DICK MERMON

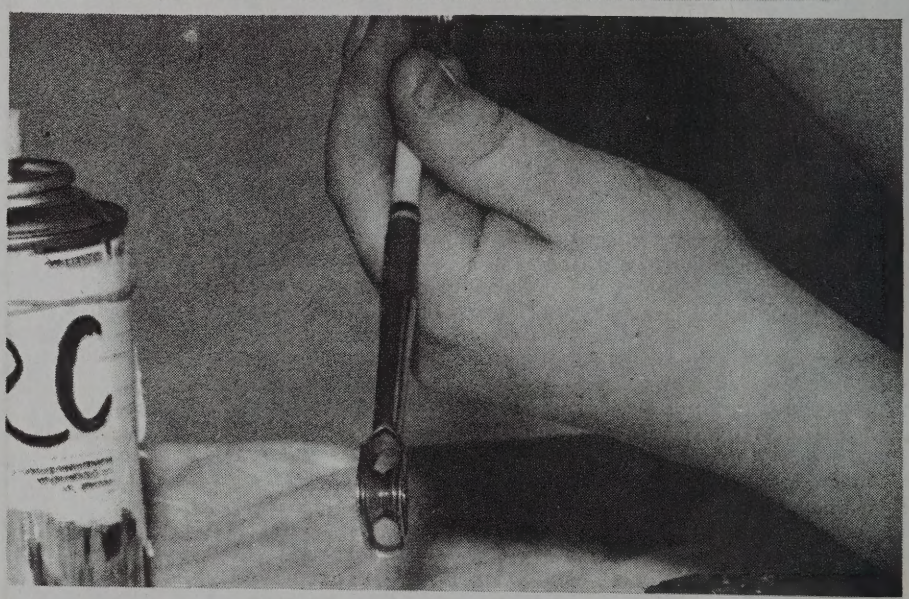
"The north wind doth blow
and we shall have snow
and what will the poor robin do then?"

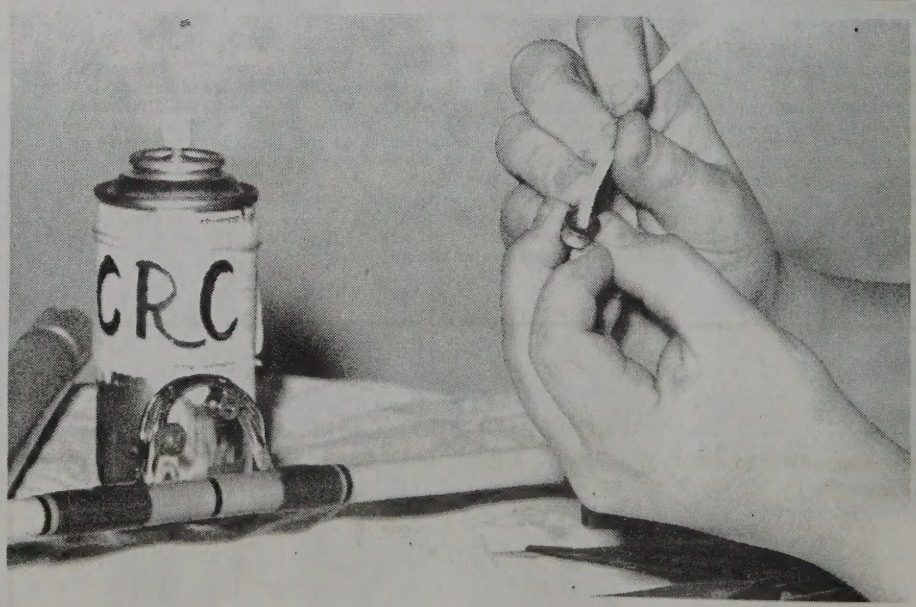
Well, if that poor robin doesn't know by now where he is supposed to go at this time of the year, I sure won't tell him. I for one would like to be with the many other birds at this time, the smart ones that is. But since I am like that poor robin this year, I guess there is only one way to beat the blues of the winter - check the tackle. With the worst of the long winter ahead, the only cure for poor robins like me and some of you is to be tackle tinkerers and reel repairers.

This job, if done systematically, can last a long time and sooth the nerves and cure the ills of winter. Each should be done in its category. Rods, reels, then lures, hooks, and finally, whatever is left in the over-stuffed tackle box and surf bag.

Start with the most important rods that are used during the fishing season. Check the tip top first. That is the best place to start, at the top. If it looks as though there is a groove in it, put the rod to one side and mark it for replacement of the tip. If you think there is nothing wrong with it (the tip top), take a magnifying glass and check it again. Here is when you will see the small tell-tale marks, the reason the line parted fighting that fish. Carboloid guides do not wear as fast as stainless steel but they do wear and crack also. Check each guide right down the line in the same manner, for the same wear marks. Spinning guides constructed of stainless steel will wear the fastest of all guides made, especially the three that are the closest to the tip top. These take the tension of the retrieved lure while the others at the bottom, nearest the reel, only feel the rubbing friction from the line revolving about the spool. The line never stays in the same place on these guides. Roller guides on trolling rods should be very closely checked because they are the most difficult in which to find grooves; only because they themselves have a "V" shape roller. Make sure all the rollers roll freely. If one does not, then it is time to unscrew the two screws that hold the wheel and it will fall away from the guides bridge. Clean the inside hole with a pipe cleaner dipped in CRC lubricant or other reel oil. Scrape the sides of the roller with fine emery cloth and wipe it clean. In the center of the roller itself is a small bushing which the roller rides on. Make



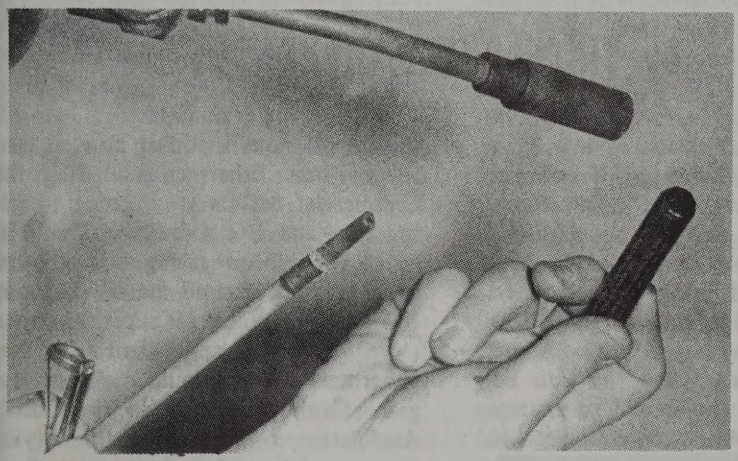




sure this is free from all corrosion, then replace it back into the center of the roller. Replace the roller back in its place and tighten the holding screws. Give each roller a drop of CRC or reel lubricating spray.

Look at the windings of the guides. Cracking of the outside finish does not mean the replacement of a guide. If the threads are frayed and possibly about to unwind, then the job of rewinding the entire top layer should be done. If the base windings are the ones that are fraying, the entire guide section has to be rewound, using the same guide if it is possible. Just the cracking of the outer

Two guides in very bad shape.



Heat the ferrel cement until soft, then rub it onto the rod tip.

finish may not give the rod a good appearance but will last for one more season with a few coats of varnish or clear liquid epoxy. The best way is really to replace the windings when the cracks appear.

At the reel seat, make sure that the ferrels are all tight and not making a cracking noise. That cracking noise is the ferrel cement that has dried inside the ferrel. If it cannot be pulled apart and recemented, then just heat it over a flame until it gets hot enough to melt the glue inside. The one place that is a must to be taken apart on trolling rods or any wooden butt rod is the connection of the butt to the reel seat. Water gets into this area and rots the section. Many a big fish was lost due to this deterioration of this point. While the butt section is off, a light sanding and a new coat of varnish will make it sparkle.

If the reel seat is turning whittish green from the salt water, just spray it with CRC and give it a scrub down with a small stiff brush such as a tooth brush. Wipe it clean with a rag and that's it.

Gimbals are also to be checked as are reel seats. Make sure they are not loose or good-bye rod on the first strike.

After all parts have been checked and repaired the last to be replaced is the tip top. The reason for this being last is that it is the easiest to repair.

Put the reel lub grease where it belongs.

You have to take the tip with you so that it can be matched to the size of the rod. You may not need anything else but the tip, so it will save time. All that has to be done with the tip is to heat the ferrel cement, rub it on the rod tip, heat the new tip top and push it onto the rod.

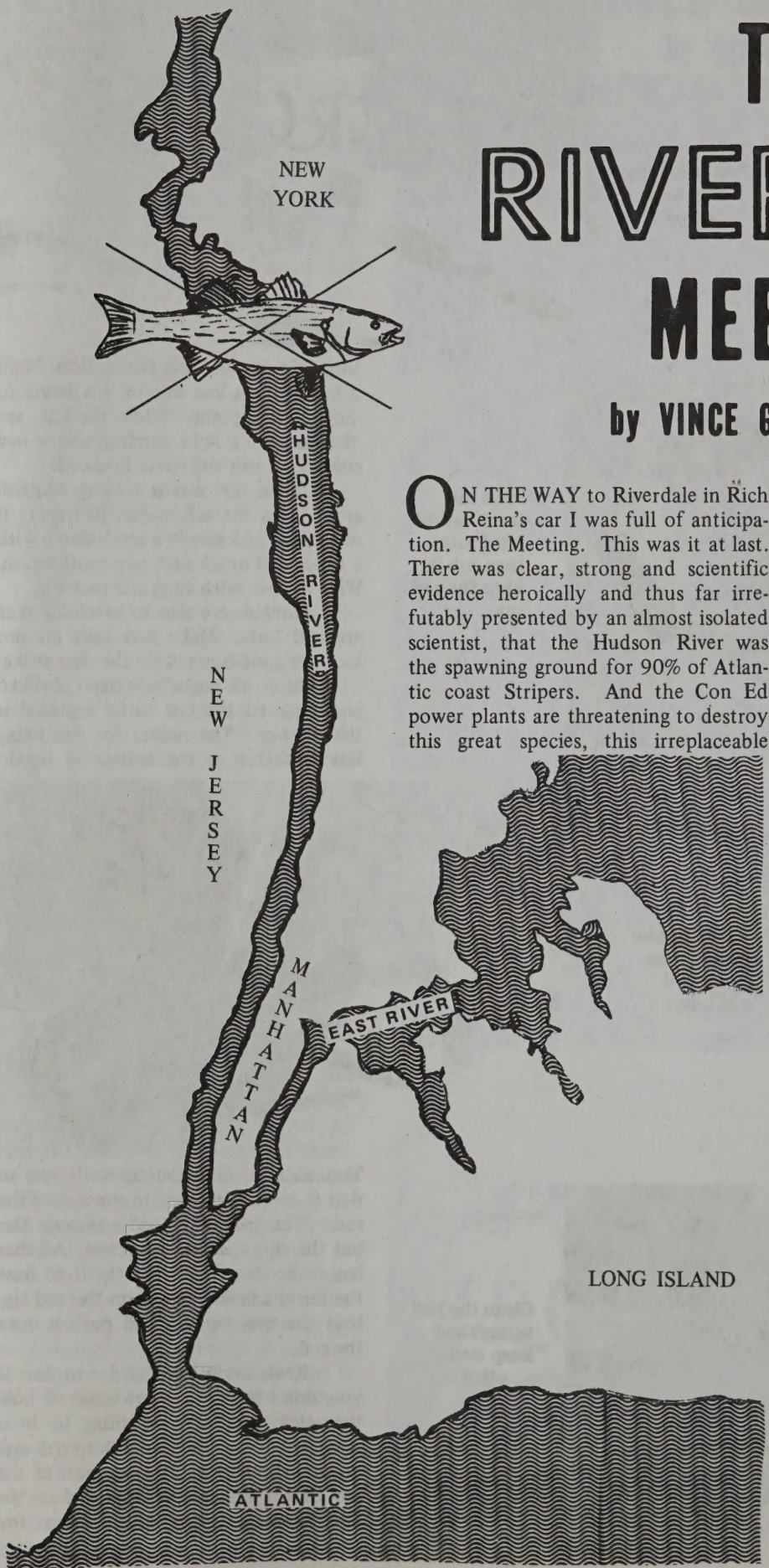
Clean the bail springs and keep well oiled.

Reels are a little harder to do. If you don't have the knowledge of how they tick, then the best thing to do is to take them to the repair shop and say, "Make like new." The one part of the reel that is a must to be replaced are the drag washers. This is THE most im-

Continued on Pg. 17

THE RIVERDALE MEETING

by VINCE GUAGLIANONE



ON THE WAY to Riverdale in Rich Reina's car I was full of anticipation. The Meeting. This was it at last. There was clear, strong and scientific evidence heroically and thus far irrefutably presented by an almost isolated scientist, that the Hudson River was the spawning ground for 90% of Atlantic coast Stripers. And the Con Ed power plants are threatening to destroy this great species, this irreplaceable species of gamefish. But now, at last, striped bass fishermen including the commercial netters were going to get together and DO something about it.

Apart from saving our stripers, another thing excited me on that long trip up to Riverdale. If sport fishermen - even we rather nonchalant salt water fishermen - if we could really get together; if the Hudson River Fishermen's Association could really be the rallying dynamo of Long Island sportsmen (and perhaps eventually of all east coast fishermen); if we in the meantime really won this battle against a powerful, special interest Utility: what further long-run ramifications might result for Ecology on this beleagured Long Island in New York State, along the whole eastern seaboard! Look at who was sponsoring this Meeting! In addition to our Hudson brothers: Save Our Stripers, Inc.; and student chapters of two colleges; and there would be present a scientist from the Conservation Foundation in Washington D.C. who is a striped bass expert; and Bob Pond of Stripers Unlimited; and Al Ristori of Garcia Tackle; and the surf nuts; and the boat guys; and the damned draggers and . . . It seemed like a pregnant egg that would hatch into an Archangel complete with flaming sword, for Ecology.

On the highway I entertained myself with another possibility that could result just from the striper battle that was to be waged against Con Ed. What an experience this entire battling procedure would be for the rank-and-file sportfishermen; the obedient population: the tax-paying, hard-working guys who just try to do a little fishing

and never get involved in politics and don't really learn how decisions are really made in this country: decisions "for the common good," as it was written in that historical relic, our Federal Constitution of 1787.

Finally we arrived and the auditorium was packed to overflowing. But there were no thousands present. Maybe 300. Good thing. It was a small auditorium. Only one Long Island club I recognized: The North Brookhaven Fishermen, Inc. - 5 members including Dan Marchand the president. One of the things he complained about to me later on, is that meetings of this sort are never held our east on Long Island, for all the clubs to get to. Good point. Especially when you consider the impending threat of ANOTHER Power Plant at Shoreham on the north shore . .

Don't get the impression that the Riverdale Meeting was a waste. Far from it. To begin with, one of the effective speakers started off by telling how New York State officials had been invited, including the Conservation Department. But of course none of these servants of the people and guardians of our natural resources, showed up, (I guess because it was a Saturday and they don't get paid overtime). "Essentially," said that effective speaker: "this is why we are here - because of the failure of government." (Damn! I said to myself, pinching me: this guy is over 30 years old and even without much hair on his head. Oh wow! Baby, I mean OH WOW!)

Then two scientists effectively gave us the facts: one regarding the spawning of stripers in Haverstraw Bay of the Hudson; the other regarding a 10-years difficulty in breeding stripers artificially in the Chesapeake. But long before this effective lecturing was over, a man stood up whose hair was white with age. "We hear what you're telling us. We believe you! But let's start talking about what we should DO! Tell us what you want us to DO and by God we'll go out and DO it!"

It was not time for THAT, yet; and the lectures continued and it was astounding to learn what we learned. For one thing . . . well, I don't want to be hitting at the damned dumb draggers. After all, we are all together now. Like, magic.

Just before the time for resolution, another old man stood up and his words knocked me out of my chair. Something like: "We fishermen can all get together in our thousands, with our rods, with our beach buggies, and we will DEMONSTRATE at the Plant or anywhere else that's necessary! And THEY'LL think twice . . . "

This suggestion by another old man was essentially a No-No, to the podium.

Doctor Joel M. Berns in the audience stood up (an L.I.F. reader who keeps on a wall of his office an ecology-article printed by L.I.F.) - Berns stood up and called for a striped bass lobby. He wanted to see the formation of an organization to which NON-tax-exempt contributions by us would be made; so the organization could lobby in Albany and Washington: pressure the legislators; pressure for legislation preserving the stripers and the Hudson; pressure the way the monied special interests do; pressure by means of giving the politicians our vote-count (since we have not $millions to buy them with); pressure the politicians so that they pass laws for our special interest, for a change.

The reply from the podium was that the tax-exempt status on contributions (by us) was more desireable at this time, in order for monies to be used legally in support of expensive lawsuits against Con Ed. These lawsuits are more IMMEDIATELY required, than anything else . . . Plus, the Hudson River Fishermen Association is already a group that can lobby in the future, if this was decided in the future.

The decision needed now, was to form a Striped Bass Trust to which we would all contribute money to sue Con Ed; engage in research; purchase vital coastal lands to forestall future threats; and so on.

Even now, I feel quite satisfied with this. Conduct more research. Buy vital shores, to preserve them. Sue Con Ed so that cooling towers are constructed and the waters of the spawning area are saved.

But this is what I am not satisfied with.

Say you are a guy who resides in one of the boroughs of New York City. You like to fish on weekends and during the week you work a little hard for a living. Your earnings hardly approach, I would imagine, the earnings of some major stockholders of Con Ed. You, and only other guys like you feel responsible enough to kick in 10 bucks to save the stripers from the Public Utility. If, and after, Con Ed loses the court battle supported by you: then the cooling towers are constructed costing millions of $. Who will absorb THIS cost?

Con Ed? They are already screaming how they cannot afford other things.

The State? - "We are here because of a failure of government."

That leaves, again, only you. We can assume an increase in rates for your electric bill, to 'make up' for the cost of the towers that are needed to save a natural resource - the Hudson striped bass - of New York State.

I think that stinks.

Quite apart from the stink of this typical injustice which is often described as 'democracy' (they want to save the fish and all that: they should be - heh-heh - allowed - heh-heh to pay for it) apart from this: I think it stinks how an opportunity here is not taken to force government to be more responsible. Why should the Governor and the piddling conservation agencies under him be allowed to let Con Ed pass the cost of the cooling towers on to you; the cost of something which is for the preservation of a New York State natural resource, and which is in fact a national resource if we consider the range of the striper. As taxpayers, are we not already paying to support conservation agencies which are purposefully kept powerless to do the job.

The Striped Bass Trust is extremely necessary and your contributions are definitely required, without hesitation.

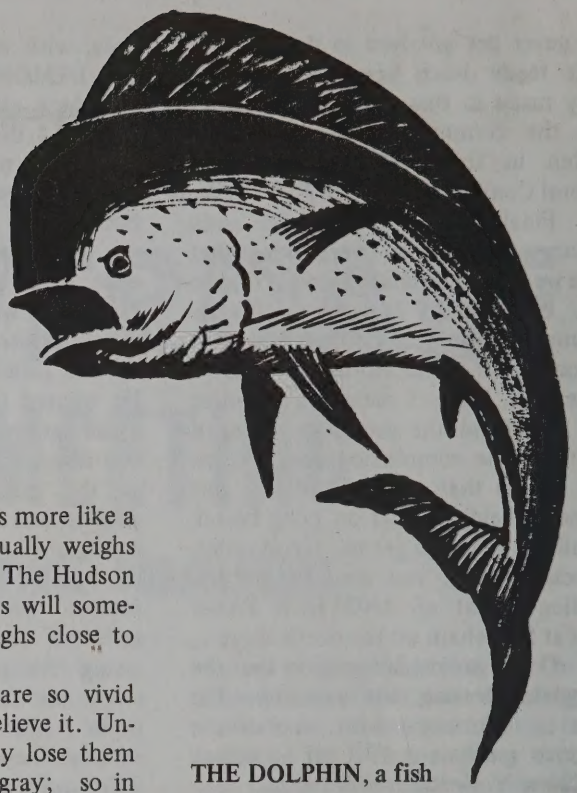
But something more is required. Or we shall be forever jumping in at the last minute with our extra 10-dollar bills and with piecemeal, geographically local efforts; never confronting each level of government that always fails to do the job.

Here is the surface-issue. How often do taxpayers have to pay for conservation? The opportunity to raise this issue: Who shall pay for the Con Ed Power Plant water-cooling towers? The underlying issue: Public utilities (or industries in such cases) must kick in a share specifically for the preservation of the natural resources at stake, with matching support from our taxes when, and only when, paying the full cost would really impede the company's ability to function, or the utility's capacity to serve the public.

It is time for every sports club in this region to form an Association representing all of them, and take this fight to Albany and Washington to save our stripers, our shores and marshes, OUR river, our bays, and the offshore fisheries.

Aerial Acrobat

by TED NESS



THE DOLPHIN, a fish

Unlike bass or blue fishing, trolling offshore for tuna will likely fill the fish box with a varied assortment of species. Skipjack, albacore, green bonito, amberjack, and for the very lucky . . . marlin, will hit the trolled lures. For the alert and knowing fisherman, another fish can be caught in these same waters. This is the DOLPHIN.

The dolphin is no slouch in the speed department and will put on a stupendous exhibition of aerial acrobatics . . in ever-loving spectacular color, that you could ever hope for. They are strong, agile, and when taken on a light spinning outfit, will give you the fight of your life. In addition to their great fighting abilities, their eye-bugging iridescent coloring, they are delicious table fare . . . somewhat like a succulent flounder.

I'm sure that some of you readers are now confused, having envisioned a picture of me trying to land "Flipper" with a spinning outfit. Well, don't be embarrassed by your ignorance, for whenever I mention catching and eating dolphin, someone is sure to look at me like I was some kind of a cold blooded butcher who managed to escape the Nuhrenburg trials. Let me set you straight on that!

The dolphin of which I speak is a true fish, altogether different than its more famous namesake, which is in reality a mammal of the porpoise family. It in no way resembles "Flipper" in size, shape or coloration. It looks more like a decorated oar blade and usually weighs in at about 5 to 20 pounds. The Hudson Canyon and southern waters will sometimes produce one that weighs close to 70 pounds, but this is rare.

The dolphin's colors are so vivid that you have to see it to believe it. Unfortunately, upon dying they lose them and become a blah brown-gray; so in order to appreciate their beauty, you've got to be where the action is. The upper part of the fish is an iridescent blue, which fades into a blue-green on its sides. The bottom half is a bright yellow to orange, speckled with flecks of blue and gold.

Fishing for dolphin is largely a matter of finding them, as they eagerly attack any moving lure in the vicinity. They are more of a bonus fish, for you'll rarely find anyone who specifically fishes for them, but are usually spotted while trolling for other gamefish. The angler who stalks the dolphin will never pass a piece of driftwood, patches of seaweed, or any floating object, without checking them out . . . for there is where the dolphin lurk.

To keep their colors from fading, or for a reason unknown to me, the dolphin will always sit in the shade. A large school can sometimes be seen hanging motionless, like a large aquarius mobile, in the shadow of a large slab of driftwood.

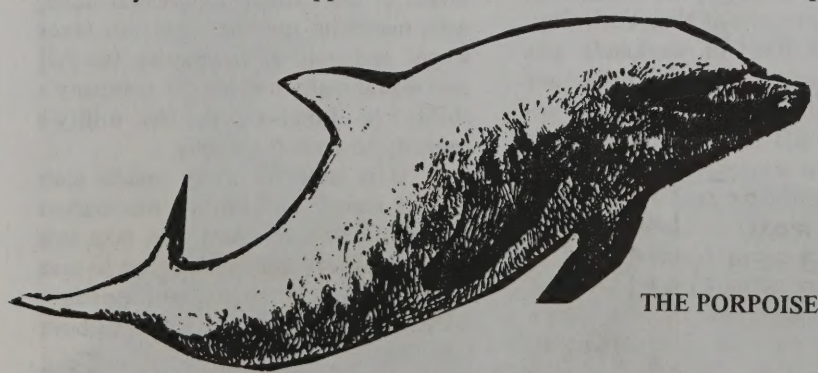
So if you want a dolphin, follow these three simple rules:

1. When in "tuna waters," check out any floating object, whether it be a lobster pot marker, a clump of seaweed or even a piece of plastic. Troll one of your lures as close to the object as you can without "holing" the boat. If you haven't scared the hell out of them with whirling props, you will get instant action when your lure passes the "shade tree."

2. If on approaching the driftwood, you spot the dolphin (polaroid glasses are a big help there), kill the engine so that you will drift within casting distance. A Hopkins jig, or a Rebel, rapidly retrieved past the driftwood, will be attacked faster than the human eye can see.

3. Dolphin, like tuna, will stay with a hooked member of their school, until he leaves the water. You can take advantage of this by leaving a hooked fish in the water and jigging his companions.

Dolphin, once caught, will yield two long slabs of white meat when they are filleted. Pan fryed, broiled or marinated in your own concoction of herbs and juices, the dolphin will please even those "flounder and cod only" fish eaters. Try it . . . you'll like it.



THE PORPOISE, a mammal

SOME OF THE BIGGIES

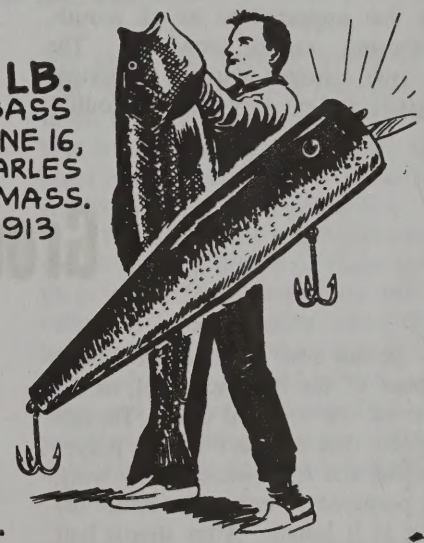
BY FRED GUARDINEER

LARGEST SALTWATER FISH EVER CAUGHT WAS A 2,664 LB. WHITE SHARK BY ALFRED DEAN IN 1959 OFF SOUTH AUSTRALIA. IT MEASURED 16 FT. 10 IN.

LARGEST FRESH WATER FISH WAS AN 86 INCH WHITE STURGEON WEIGHING 360 LBS. BY WILLARD CRAVEN IN SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO, 1956.

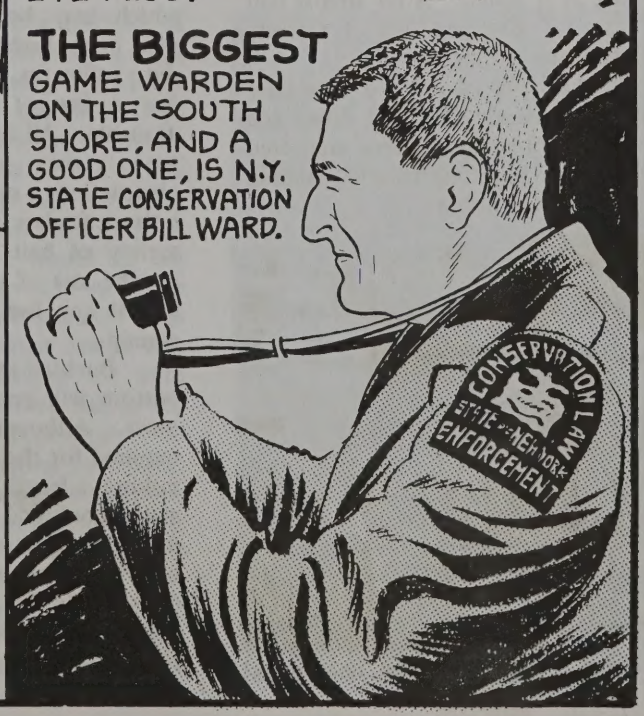
RECORD N.Y. STATE BEAR WAS A 650 LB. BLACK SHOT BY BOB AVERY, DEC. 1, 1962 IN HAMILTON COUNTY -71 INCHES NOSE TO TAIL.

THE 73 LB. STRIPED BASS CAUGHT JUNE 16, 1967 BY CHARLES CINTO OF MASS. TIED THE 1913 WORLD RECORD. THE LURE WAS A RAY JARRY BIG DADDY GOO-GOO EYE PLUG.



BIGGEST HOUSE CAT IN THE WORLD IS MY 25 LB. ALTERED MALE FOUND AS A WILD KITTEN AND FED QUANTITIES OF RAW FISH AND VENISON. ALL CATS HAVE BEEN DECLARED THOROUGHBREDS AND THE BREED IS NOW KNOWN AS THE "*AMERICAN SHORT HAIRED DOMESTIC CAT!*"

THE BIGGEST GAME WARDEN ON THE SOUTH SHORE, AND A GOOD ONE, IS N.Y. STATE CONSERVATION OFFICER BILL WARD.



Grouper and Snapper

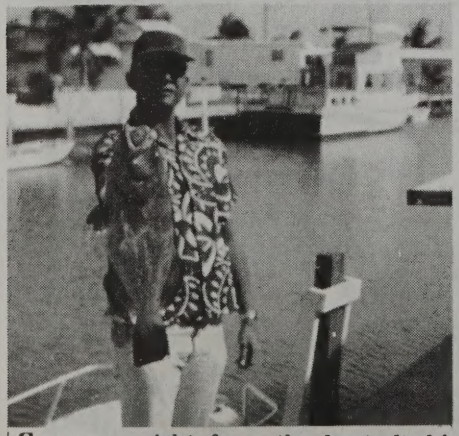
by DON VETTER

I AM DEFINITELY a fishing fanatic; whenever I get to a new place on the water, the first thing that I do is to wet a line, however unlikely looking a spot it might be. Before unpacking, launching and mooring my boat, or anything else, I reach for my bag of frozen shrimp and ultra-light spin rod, and make a dash for the nearest dock or bulkhead.

Most of the time it is only the ever-present grunts - French, bluestriped, pigfish, sailor's choice, etc. that I catch and release on these impromptu forays in the Keys. Sometimes it is the psychadelically colored reef fish - spadefish, angelfish, and blue parrotfish (not to mention file and triggerfish). Some of these are pretty tough customers on U/L spin tackle, and fight like hell.

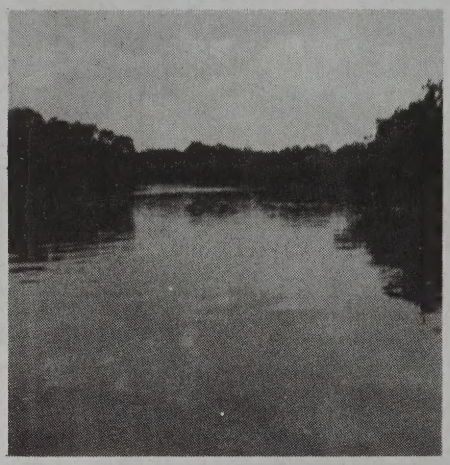
Once, while playing a little French grunt from the canal bulkhead/boat dock at my back door, a great, ugly form that appeared to be all mouth, materialized out of nowhere. The great jaws clamped shut on the struggling grunt, and my tiny rod bent double. Three pound test mono melted from the spool of the little spin reel, to the protest of the tortured drag. Though convinced that I didn't have a prayer of landing the fish (whatever he was), I was prepared to enjoy the battle for as long as it lasted. After almost half an hour of give and take, I actually seemed to be gaining on him.

"Does anyone around here have a net?" I shouted up and down the canal. An obliging neighbor sauntered over with a big, long handled landing net, and did the honors.



Grouper - right from the boat dock!

"Boy, if you-all gonna fish fer big ole grouper, you better buy yoself a bigger pole," was his laconic observation, as he disentangled the 10 pound black grouper from the mesh of his net. All of which goes to prove that you never can tell what you will come up with when you fish down here, even right at your doorstep.



Estuary in the Everglades; mangrove snapper country.

Grouper, including such giants as jewfish, are common fare aboard Florida party boats, but there are an infinite variety of different types, many of which may be caught inshore, from pier, bank, bridge or small boat. Black, red, yellowfin, rockhind and gag, are just a few of the kinds of grouper available. All have two things in common: they prefer rough bottoms, obstructions, etc., and are basically bottom feeders. They will take a wide variety of baits, including (depending on the size of the individual grouper) almost any live fish, cut bait and live shrimp.

Bucktail jigs, worked close to the bottom will produce well in the right spots. Although wire leaders are not required for the smaller grouper found inshore, a length of heavy 'shock' mono at the hook end is in order, particularly if you're using relatively light line (a 15 inch length of 30 pound test saved my dock-caught fish; the lead was abraided from his rough mouth and teeth). They tell me that the grouper is as tasty as he is ugly (which would make him good eating indeed!). Rocks and reefs are prime grouper grounds, if you're looking for them from a boat.

Snappers, especially the big red snapper, and the look-alike (but much smaller) mutton snapper, are regularly taken from party boats by bottom fishing in the same manner (and often the same areas) as are grouper. Others, including the little lane, and the much sought yellowtail snapper, are found close inshore, where they are the favorite prey of small boat and shore fishermen. Cut mullet is often used as bait for these bottom feeders, but the live shrimp is the top choice. None of these are particularly lure prone, but a sharpie can often score well with a yellow nylon or bucktail jig.

The one member of the snapper family that appeals most to me, is the mangrove snapper. Similar in appearance to the fresh water smallmouth bass, but with a reddish cast and a dark bar running through each eye, and a set of razor sharp teeth, he is the wariest of fish. Though abundant in many creeks, canals, bayous and estuaries, they are smart as the devil, and difficult to catch (especially the older, larger ones).

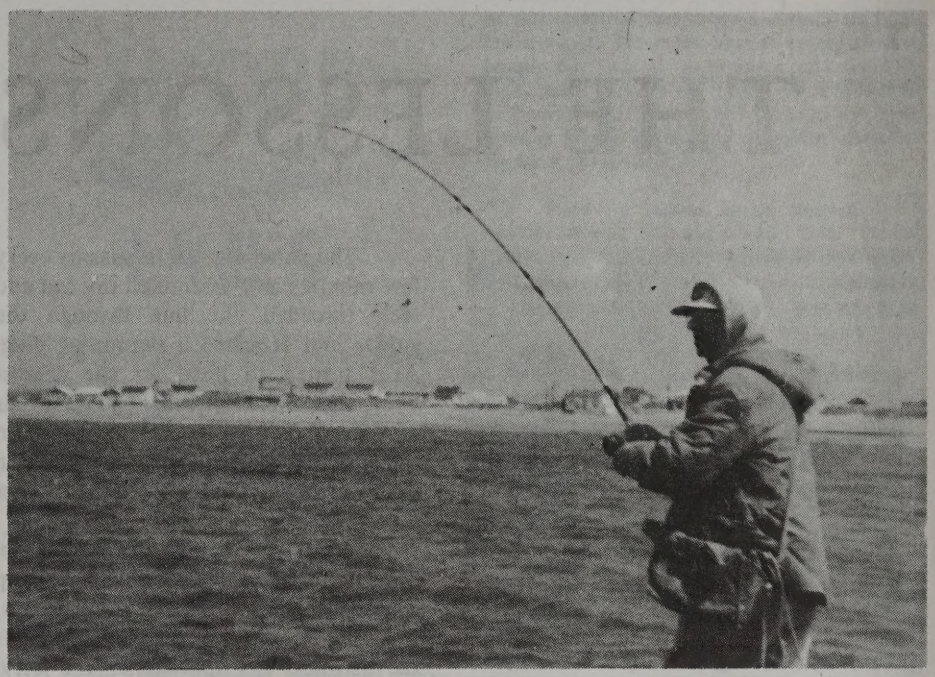
They are as vicious as can be, in the water and out of it, and the unwary angler can get a nasty gash from those snapping jaws as he unhooks his fish. A wire lead is required, but should be kept short and dull finished for these wary devils. Live shrimp is the only bait worth mentioning. The small jigs in pink or yellow are good when work-

Continued on Pg. 17

Mutton snapper (on right). Lane snapper - from inshore reef.

SKINNY BLUE: a type of plug

by TED WELLS



Author, on the West Wall, R.I.

BEFORE I LAUNCH into what I plan to say, I would like to reply to an article in the May 25th Long Island Fisherman (1972) in regard to Rhode Island fishing. The writer of this article quoted someone as saying that you New York guys can't catch R.I. fish. Well, this is far from correct because if the right lure is used, even this is possible. That statement brings me to the start of my finding out how.

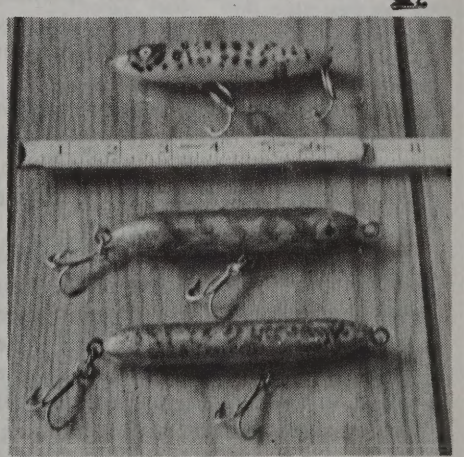
Several years ago, while the bluefish were in, a professor from the University of R.I. was in the habit of coming to the West Wall quite often. He was a hard fisherman and noisy when the fish were really hitting. This was at a time when I was doing a lot of boat fishing with Doc Durfee in his boat. One day Doc Durfee called me and asked if I would take Dr. Stein out the following day and find some blues for him. I agreed and made the date for the next day. That evening I saw Professor Stultz on the Wall, and asked him to come along. So the next day when we left the West Gap both Dr. Stein and I put on spook plugs, his a commercial and mine an imitation, both blue. Professor Stultz tied on a plug that he had made from a 9/16 inch dowel, painted dark blue with aluminum stripes.

Since we had run this course many times within the last few days, I knew about when the fish would start to show. When we got to the spot, I told the other two to get their plugs in the water and be ready. They did this, with the Professor up on the stern and Doc Stein on the starboard and me on the port side. Sure enough, within a minute or so, Stultz had a fish on. During the run, which was not over a mile and one-half, the score was for Professor Stultz - nine fish on and five in the boat; for Dr. Stein - four fish on and one in the boat; and for me - four fish on and one in the boat. So I decided right then and there to try my hand at duplicating the plug of Professor Stultz.

Getting back to the history of this plug, as much as I could surmise anyway, it goes something like this. The Professor was studying at Rhode Island University for a degree and, with a large family, felt that buying plugs at $1.50 and up was sheer extravagance. So far as I know, he was the originator of this small improbable-looking thing that takes fish so many times when others won't. But John McGuire was a co-worker of the Professor's at the college at this time, and he also made a similar plug which was much longer. It was equally effective, if not more so. But my experience later had to do with the smaller version. When I could steal a little time from fishing, I made up three duplicates of the blue plug that the Professor had used.

A few days later Doc Durfee and I were on our way in from fishing a hot spot for flatfish and tautog, when I saw a big commotion off the West Gap. I asked Doc to get over on the windward side of this bunch of fish which he did in a hurry. He had more fun operating the boat than fishing, so it was understood that I would do the fishing. I snapped on one of those skinny plugs (later we named them "Skinny Blue"). The first cast, a fish smashed the plug. During the next half hour or so I got eleven fish in the boat, seven blues and four stripers all about 6-7 pounds. During the fracas, a 'sport' fisherman out of Snug Harbor came along with four trolling lines out. He circled our boat twice and then came within hailing distance to ask what I was using. I held up the skinny plug but that didn't satisfy him. He shouted, "What is it?" My reply was, "One I made." He was obviously disgusted and made that famous motion of disgust, hauled in his four lines and high-tailed it for Snug Harbor. It was as well that he did, because by that time those blues had wrecked two of those plugs and battered the other pretty bad.

Needless to say this trip prompted me to make a bunch of those skinny plugs and I have used them with unbelievable success many times since, both from a boat and the shore. If I had time and space, I would tell you about them and just how to make those monstrosities so that you guys could not only catch fish, but beat inflation in the bargain.



Top: 'commercial Spook'
Bottom: two imitations (by Editor V.G.) of Ted Wells's variation that was derived from Professor Stultz's improvement (Skinny Blue) of the 'commercial Spook'; which derived no doubt from original New England casters who probably copied it from the Narragansett Indians. - History? - V.G.

THE LESSONS

by PETE BARRETT

A jetty at Long Branch, New Jersey.

JUST SOUTH of Sandy Hook, New Jersey the continuity of the sandy beaches is interrupted by stubby, rocky fingers jutting into the sea. Built to prevent the ocean currents from washing away the precious beach sand, the jetties also attract striped bass like metal filings to a magnet.

On one of these jetties my addiction to striper fishing began on a frosty, cold, late October morning just before daybreak.

For three days reports had filtered into the local bait and tackle shops confirming big stripers had hit the beaches within easy casting range of the jetty jockies. Some fabulous catches had been weighed in each morning before the local hungries returned home to shower, shave and shove off for work.

I could resist the temptation no longer. Preparations were made, gear assembled, tackle readied, and at 5 a.m. the next morning, I stepped out of the car at Long Branch, New Jersey.

A true beginner, nothing could dampen my spirits or enthusiasm - not even the chilling 36 degree temperature numbing my face and hands. The northwest winds that had brought the bait close to shore triggering the striper feeding spree was absent that morning, yet the damp, cold sea air quickly slid into every crevice between me and the old Navy coat I wore. I remembered the warm-as-toast long johns nestled in my dresser drawer at home. Without even a thermos of hot coffee, I resigned myself to a few hours of shivering and vowed to respect the sea air next time around.

The shivers came in spasms every few minutes as I assembled my rod and reel, threaded the line through the guides and attached a swimming plug. As I turned to head for the nearest jetty, I tried to remember the hundreds of thoughts which had been covered in the many articles and books studied in past weeks as preparation for this first attempt at stripers.

Ah, yes. First the headlamp. A jetty fisherman without a headlamp is like Smokey the Bear without his hat. The shaft of light from the lamp split the darkness as I approached the jetty.

"Put out that light," hissed someone.

"Can that light or we'll can you," spoke another. My numbed fingers somehow found the switch to kill the light. Obviously this was no time to use a headlamp.

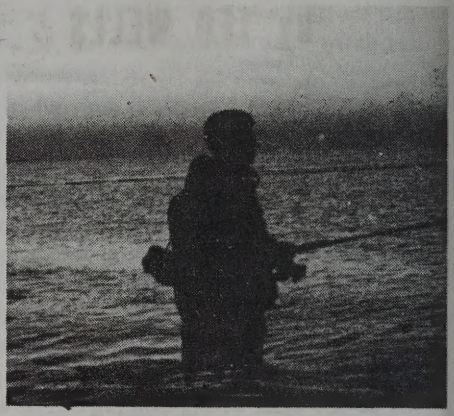
Two figures brushed past me muttering something about beginners and what they were good for. A third fisherman looked at me apprehensively but continued to cast.

Oh well. I'd come this far; there was no sense in turning back, and I was determined to at least see a striper. I slowly edged out to the end of the jetty, slipping and sliding on the green, moss-covered rocks. Then, another lesson. My feet slid out from under me so fast I hardly knew what happened. The rod and reel crashed to the rocks and a resounding "rip" came from the waders as they split up the side of one leg. Air conditioning in this cold I didn't need!

The reamining caster said something about, "Are you OK," and I mumbled a not too reassuring, "Yes." I felt like the village idiot.

Finally I made my first cast. And slammed the plug down hard on the water not 20 feet from the jetty. What a difference from the light trout tackle I was used to. With a few more casts my technique improved enough to be passable - at least I was getting the plug out there - and I settled down. I began to notice more of my surroundings.

The jetty cut each swell so that sheets of salt spray hung in the air wetting everything. The wetness went right through my coat and only a rubber jacket would have saved me. Something else to remember for next time - a rubber parka.



I remembered, too, an idea from an article concerning what lures to use. It had said something about rough water, use poppers; calm water, use swimmers. The water now was surely not calm, and so I changed to a popper.

Then I noticed that the other caster also used a popper and I watched to emulate his technique. His rod seemed to cast easily with its short handle, and during a cast, the entire rod bent through down to the butt, pushing the lure out a great distance. Overall the rod couldn't have been more than 7½ feet.

My 8½ foot rod was clumsy in comparison with its big, fat handle and with a butt section so stiff that I wondered if the telephone company supplied the rod manufacturer with the blanks for the rod. The fast tip action collapsed each time I popped the surface lure. I was working twice as hard as the other guy and not working my plug as effectively.

He moved nimbly across the slippery rocks in a sort of hopping step, carefully judging the placement of each step. It was the "look before you leap" adage. The metallic scrapping as he moved his feet told me he wore golfers spiked rubbers over the boot shoes of the waders, just as I had seen once in another article. No wonder he didn't slip and slide like me.

The unknown caster had just beached his second fish when my rod bent nearly double. I reeled like mad to get all the slack out of the line when

Continued on Pg. 18

SHORE LINES

BEACH RIGHTS

Dear Vince,

I liked reading your article on legal access to a permit for all restricted beaches. At least for off-season time anyway. Especially where there are State roads leading to those town beaches . . .

Yours truly,
Frank Bondi
Jamaica, N.Y.

Right. We also believe the rest of your letter, Frank. But let's let that thing rest. Good fishing the new year.
V.G.

A CHUCKLE (or Two?)

Attention: Vince Guaglianone
Dear Sir:

As a fisherman who wears his waders out at the sole and heel rather than at the backside I get a chuckle out of the hassle between you, Wagoneer 7684 HQ and the man from LIBBA. There is some merit to each of your arguments but there are also glaring weaknesses.

I can agree with you on only two points. First that beaches should be accessable to all after the bathing season and that from a viewpoint of conservation it would be better if four wheel drives were banned from all beaches. If you doubt that take a walk someday at Moses Park West of the golf course and North of the beach proper. Does each buggy have to leave his own set of tracks? God put that grass and the dunes there to protect the beach but you'll notice the buggies undo much of His work.

Here the beach is open to anyone who has four wheel drive and a few gallons of gas. You'll find the remains of some pretty good parties. It is doubtful whether the tide could have reached so far inland and arranged the ashes, beer cans and bottles so well. To open the beaches to all means ALL . . . the fishermen, the family picnickers, skinny dippers and the gay revelers. You can't expect a handful of Police to patrol everywhere and to judge who has the right to do his particular thing. Is this what you would like to see?

Blue Wagoneer has a very good point – the fishermen are far and away the worst drivers. With their eyes riveted to the surf they plow along unmindful of who or what lies ahead. If I had a penny for every time they missed my gear by inches I could buy a lifetime subscription to LIF!

Long ago I learned not to pull a fish in when there is a buggy in sight. The fellow lazing with a hero sandwich in one hand and binoculars in the other can short wave the good news and bring a horde of vehicles with headlights ablaze . . . this as you know is not conducive to good fishing!

Now let me say I have nothing against buggies . . . I'll get one two days after I use an electric golf cart or shoot eagles from a helicopter!

Knowing you have a low boiling point I only have one regret . . . that you weren't among the winners at Jones Beach this year. At least then its glorious conclusion would have been given the publicity it deserved.

Yours truly,
An avid reader & brother fisherman
Merry Christmas & Happy New Year

Avid reader? Read 'Mosquito Rip,' L.I.F., No. 23, 1972, p. 5. "Walking is the best way for surfmen to fish this coast": Democrat Point.

Come on, avid reader. Re-read Blue Wagoneer. Where does he say "fishermen are . . . the worst drivers?" That's what avid reader says.

Are you sure about how much of that trash is caused by buggy owners? Not much trash during cold spring and fall when many 4-wheel drivers are casting at Democrat Point and the front beach. Can it be that you have hiked it during those cold months without noticing how the beach is cleaner, though buggies are there?

Though there are fishermen-offenders, most of that trash is from the summer crowd making good use of the Robert Moses Captree Bridge.

Do you or do you not agree that beaches should be open to all after the bathing season? In your paragraph 2, you say yes. In 3, you speak of massive littering and skinny dipping and all that. That would be good reason for barring the summer crowd from the beaches. There are none, I think, that go skinny dipping in October and less in November.

You're right about what happens too often when beaching a fish in sight of others - including the sight of others without beach-buggies.

You're right: drivers ought not to drive all over the dunes. Avid readers will remember my reply to Blue Wagoneer: "There should be ordinances regulating vehicular traffic on the beaches from the viewpoint of safety, and also conservation."

Why can there not be a Conservation Police for the public stretches of our National Shoreline? (Buggies should be prohibited from large tracts of beach to preserve wildlife areas).

But why is there not enough money for more than "a handful of police?" And not enough money for other immediately vital and linked aspects of conservation and ecology. If you were really interested in the preservation of our natural resources, you would ask yourself why our federal government does not have enough money - for conservation. I understand how the answer to this question can cause a certain clash in one's breast. When the answer comes to you (about our federal government and what it really cares for) try not to get rid of the clash in your breast by taking it out on me, and sending letters containing opposite views in separate paragraphs.

Have no regrets about contests - especially if you enjoyed a good fish. Down through the years there have always been sportsmen content enough to beach big stripers and go straight home. What happens regarding any contests has no bearing on the enjoyment of our sport.

Yes, Happy New Year. And try hoofing it someday EAST of the Moses field. Big coves. Steep surf. Good fishing sometimes. No buggies allowed. I'll be waiting for you.
An Army Field Cap, green.
V.G.

PFLUEGER PRODUCT? AND A.T.V.

Dear Mr. Guaglianone,

First, a big thank you for your answer to my letter last summer and for your printed work in favor of saving our hard-used natural resources on Long Island.

Second, re the letter by Harry Scully in Issue 47, I believe that his 4 Brothers reel was an old Pflueger product. He could probably obtain their address at a tackle shop and verify this as well as finding out if parts are available.

Third. I was out at the Sore Thumb about a week ago (from 12/10) on Sunday and the fishing was dead as it has been for a long time. However, several trail bikes and an ATV (All Terrain Vehicle) looking like a tank were roaring over the dunes, and tearing the vegetation to pieces in the process. They did more damage in an hour than I have seen the many beach buggies that frequent this place do in the whole season. This may be a new threat to the ecology and to free use of the beaches by fishermen.

Keep up the good work,
Herb Buch
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Thanks, Herb. Any more help re: the 4 Brothers Reel?

"Avid reader" - take note: A.T.V.

Resident 'my backyarders' of Babylon Township: the dune buggy! "Was he a resident?"
V.G.

NO COMPETITION

Dear Vince,

I'm hoping the RR strike is over by April so we won't have to buck too much traffic when going fishing. I've written you a few times already but what I really want to say is this: When I go fishing I go for one reason, pleasure. I feel I am not in competition with anyone, just the fish. I am a member of the Farragut Striper Club, but I do not enter my fish in the club's standings. I was told I was hurting the club by the president, but to keep a fish I don't want to keep is rediculous. I believe that the Schaefer Contest is undesireable. For a cheap "Trophy" which wouldn't impress a true fisherman some guys take everything. Release of a point-fish brings about a question of your sanity in some circles . . .

Continued on Pg. 17

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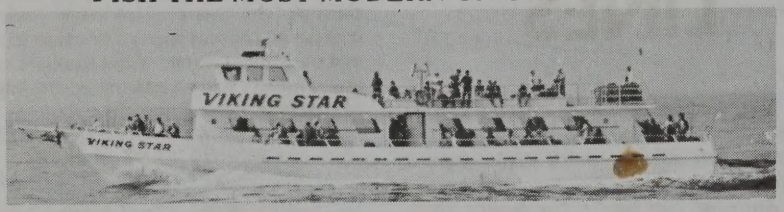

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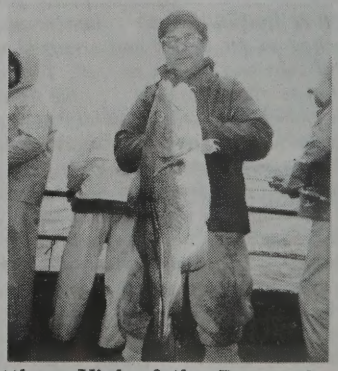
NOTICE

Due to icing, some boats at some fishing ports were unable to sail over the week-end. This does not mean that they will not sail over the winter months. Whenever possible, they will sail at their normal sailing hours.

MONTAUK

Capt. Paul Forsberg of the "Viking Star" reported that fishing at Block Island is good. Over 500 fish were caught on Saturday. A 60 lb. 1 oz. cod, taken by John Erancato of South Hackensack, N.J. won the pool. On Sunday, over 300 fish were caught. A 30 pounder was the pool winner (angler's name was not available). These fish were also taken from the Block Island area. All of the fish were taken on clam.



Matthew Viol of the Bronx shows the largest of 22 codfish which were caught while fishing aboard the "Peconic Queen II" out of Montauk. The codfish in the photo weighed 42 lbs. The Peconic Queen II was back at the pier by 2:30 P.M. with a full boat of fish and happy fishermen.

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The report from the "Viking Skipper" is that a 12 year old by the name of Gary Reichenbach, while fishing with his grandfather, landed a 60 lb. cod (Gary tips the scale at 90 lbs. himself). Gary is from Valley Stream. The cod was the biggest fish aboard and took the pool hands down. Second place was taken by a 31 lb. cod (the name of the angler not available). This action took place off of Montauk.

Capt. Richie Rade of the "Marlin III" reported that fishing is fair to good at Block Island. Cod up to 30 lbs. were taken over the weekend. The weather was good so that all aboard had an enjoyable time. The cod at Block Island are mixed. You can get a 60 lb. cod or a cod of under 10 lbs., but the important thing is that you can get fish.

****

CAPTREE

The report from the "Speedy IV" is that there is good codfishing south of the inlet. On Sunday, over 25 fish were taken. The cod weren't the biggest but everyone had fish. Captree was one of the ports that was iced in and only a few boats went out over the weekend.

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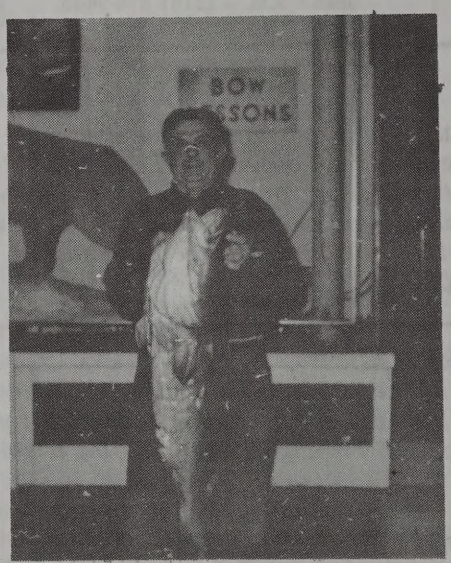

Joseph Schuch of the Bronx holds up a 44 lb. codfish which he caught while fishing aboard the "Speedy IV" out of Captree. Joe also caught some others in the 20 lb. class.

FREEPORT

Capt. Richie Kessinger of Capt. Jack's "Star Stream" reported that on Saturday the fishing off of Jones Inlet, in 80 to 110 ft. of water, was slow. On Sunday, staying closer to home, in 60 to 70 ft. of water, anglers did well on the cod and blackfish. The cod were small (up to 10 lbs.) but they had about 50 fish. The blackfish went to 6 lbs. and about 100 of these fish were taken. Everyone had a shot at either cod or blackfish.

****

SHEEPSHEAD BAY

The report from Mike's Tackle Shop is that ling, whiting and some cod are being taken at the Lightship area. These fish are big and they are plentiful. They are being caught on herring, skimmers and spearing. On Saturday the boats in the area did well with the blackfish off of the Sea Bright area.

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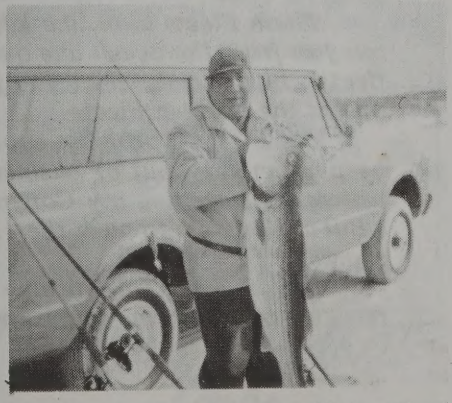

Salvatore Arena displays a 38 lb. striped bass which he caught at Cedar Beach in the month of December. Sal said the bass took a Creek Chub popping plug.

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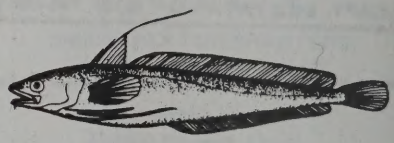

THE BRIDGE

It is easy for us to ask you not to become discouraged over the postponement of the Bridge Hearings. But remember — those who most desire that Long Island Sound BE spanned by bridges, are counting most on our loss of determination, our loss of patience and our bewilderment . . . Furthermore, there seems to have been some good reasons (for us who oppose this unsound plan) to postpone the "public hearings." It seems that not all was to be made public, which should be made public . . . Stay tuned. And stay CONCERNED.

AN OPEN LETTER TO YOUR READERS:

As a fisherman, I have heard of the 200 mile limit. I wrote a few letters to my Congressman in the spring concerning this matter. I felt I had done my part and let it pass. Then I saw on T.V., January 3, 1973, Channel 4, what the Foreign Fishing Fleets are doing to our waters, especially off the Massachusetts Coast.

These Fleets look like large cities, stationed in our waters, 12 miles from shore. They are taking our fish from the ocean like one big giant vacuum cleaner, leaving nothing left for our own commercial fleets. In the end, when you go to the fish market to buy some fish, it will probably have come from one of the Foreign Fleets.

Channel 4's program showed the idle fishing boats and factories in Massachusetts. They might be permanently out of business if we ALL don't do something NOW to stop this rape of our ocean waters. I'm writing my Congressman again and I hope you, who read this, will do the same. There is a Bill in Congress to push the 12 mile limit up to two hundred miles, to keep the Foreign Fleets of our shores.

If you want to continue fishing, PLEASE start writing. Only you and I can stop this terrible ravaging of one of our largest natural resources.

Sincerely yours,
William O'Hara, Yonkers, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

It is recommended that all letters to Congressmen and to other elected officials be BRIEF, to the point, courteous, but clear.

TACKLE
Continued from Pg. 5

portant part of the reel. If you yourself are working on your own reels, then make sure the handles all turn freely and without the mouse sounds. Oil where it says to oil, and grease where it says to grease. Don't change the directions to suit yourself or some cold day the grease in the oil hole will thicken and the gears just won't work right. Or the oil in the grease hole will burn out with the running of the fish.

CHANGE THE LINE! Line is the cheapest part of the entire unit of rod and reel. Change it, buy new and replace it on all the reels and extra spools. Sometimes, mono will go bad from salt, sun or even the lubricant used on the reel. The last big fish that ran off a hundred yards of line or so might have stretched it and now the breaking point is about ten pounds less. Or down there, half way to the empty spool, is a little nick. Whatever it is, don't take the chance, CHANGE IT.

By this time you should be well on the way to being cured and well into the month of February. Time to start on the smaller details of the lures, tackle box and surf bag. Most important are the hooks that have become rusty. Throw them out. A rusty hook is a dangerous one. Sometimes you can save the hook by cleaning it off but on the back of tins, jigs, plugs and feathers, I like new ones. Clean the hook of bucktail jigs and tiw new tail hait onto them. Put new feathers onto new hooks for the back of tins. "Z" nickel hooks are the only ones that can be used over again; they do not rust. Stainless steel hooks will rust but not as fast as regular steel. The swimming plugs will take on a new look with a new tail and so will the poppers. Everything here is "make like new."

Surf bags should be washed with fresh water and put down near the furnace to dry. Tackle boxes should be emptied and wiped with a cloth and a little CRC spray. Snaps and swivels can be separated and put into plastic containers that pills come in at the drugstore. New leaders should be made. Everything in its place for when spring arrives. Gaff hooks should be cleaned and oiled and ready to go.

Our fresh water anglers have nothing to worry about. Most of them by this time, which should be the middle of March, have everything set. Their starting date is April 1st. They clean up their tackle early and then turn towards the lure and fly tying for the rest of the winter. While they tie and whittle the hours, they always stop, sit back and dream.

By the time the dreaming ends, the actual fishing takes place. The cure for the "LACKAFISHING" sickness, which occurs each winter, comes to an end on "All Fools Day" and I am proud to be one of those fools.

GROUPER
Continued from Pg. 10

ed along the shoreline in a series of short jerks. The common shad darts are also good when used the same way. The fish average small (1 to 3 pounds) but are strong fighters and top eating.

Some of the areas in Florida Bay produce good mangrove snapper fishing (John Sawyer Bank, north of Marathon is one), but it is the mangrove lined estuaries, at the southern end of the Everglades that produce the biggest fish. The secret is to get right in among the mangrove growth that lines the shore. Late in the day is the best time to fish.

There is, on Plantation Key, a Spanish mission church that looks much the way it must have in the 18th century. It is easy to visualize the old padres, in their habits and sandals, walking the circular, gravel paths. One wonders what they would have thought of the twentieth century, and the changes wrought in the Keys in the past 200 years; including your reporter, driving past with a bucket of freshly purchased live shrimp, for the evening's mangrove snapper fishing.

SHORELINES
Continued from Pg. 13

It's now becoming obvious that through your column you are making enemies. Fantastic. You can feel assured that the reason this is happening is because you're touching into areas which people have tried to avoid. No one man or group of men should have more rights to natural resources than others . . .

Your column, is along with Al Reinfelder's what keeps L.I.F. going in my opinion.

Mike Parente
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We thank you Mike. But in-between fishing trips, watch L.I.F. this year. Plenty of good columns . . .

I know what you mean about contests & trophies. But there is another side to the story. There is nothing wrong with social recognition from the sport. Unfortunately, an ignoble atmosphere prevails over the whole procedure of contest-participation. It's a matter of spirit - I call it: 'the New York spirit.' It is chintzie like the trophies. It doesn't have to be this way.

Contests are good when you participate in them, trying extra hard to catch a fish: but somehow not really caring about winning. That's what I mean. Because fishing, is, different. V.G.

BABYLON TUNA CLUB FISHING SCHOOL

The Babylon Tuna Club will be conducting its 3rd annual Fishing School, beginning with registration on February 6, 1973. The series will consist of 8 lectures by experienced club fishermen in the Veterans of Foreign Wars Hall on Long Island Avenue, Deer Park at 8 P.M. A fee of $8.50 will be charged and collected at the time of registration.

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LESSONS

Continued from Pg. 12

the striper hit the plug again. I struck back instinctively.

The rod pulsed in my hands as the fish shook his head to be rid of the annoying pieces of metal and wood stuck in the corner of his jaw, then the line peeled from the reel spool as the big fish made a powerful run north toward the Hudson River, his ancestral grounds.

Adrenalin pumped through my system clearing the frosty sleepiness from my head. I remembered the books and articles again and held the rod tip up to put all the pressure possible on my fish. Pumping the rod in a slow series of up and down rod motions, I gained line a yard at a time. Mr. Bass took more line out. I regained some. He took more and again I regained precious yards as he began to tire.

"Play him easy," the caster said. "Let the swells bring him to you." With each wave I gained line as the force of the water carried the bass closer to the jetty. As the undertow built up beneath the next wave, I eased off the pressure.

"Don't give him any slack and keep your rod tip to the side so he can't shake that lure."

I nodded my answer to my new found tutor as he eased himself down the jetty's side close to the water. The next swell brought the striper within reach of the gaff, and he quickly, deftly picked the glistening fish from the water.

I stared in disbelief and awe as he placed the striper on the rocks before me. "Congratulations," he said, "looks like about a sixteen pounder."

COAST GUARD BOATING COURSE STARTS JANUARY 25

The U.S. Coast Guard 12-session Boating Safety and Seamanship Course will be given at the Glen Cove High School starting Thursday, January 25 at 8 P.M. Classes will be conducted by Coast Guard Auxiliary personnel of Flotilla 12-3, Glen Cove.

The course is offered free to both men and women and the subjects to be covered will include basic seamanship, safe boating practices, use of the compass and charts, government regulations and rules of the road.

The Auxiliary is an official arm of the United States Coast Guard and is staffed by personnel trained in both the educational and operational phases of recreational boating. Further information on training courses, safety patrols and enrollment in the Auxiliary may be obtained by calling Flotilla Commander Marcus Valicenti at OR 6-9072.

CLUB NEWS

The Huntington Anglers recently held their annual dinner-dance at Linck's Log Cabin in Centerport. Following is a list of the trophy winners for 1972:

Bass from boat, Bill Piccione, 49 lbs. 8 ozs.; Bass from surf, Mike Macchiaroli, 20 lbs. 8 ozs.; Bluefish from boat, Joe McMenomen, 14 lbs. 1 oz.; Bluefish from surf, Tony Macchiaroli, 13 lbs.; Blackfish, Andy Hoffman, 4 lbs. 12 ozs.; Weakfish, Mike Nicoletto, 6 lbs. 8 ozs.; Flounder, Arthur Stone, 3 lbs. 2 ozs.; Sea bass, Joe McMenomen, 2 lbs. 12 ozs.

****

BROOKLYN SQUADRON FREE PLEASURE BOATING CLASSES

Enrollment for the free boating course by Brooklyn Power Squadron will be held on Tuesday, February 6th, 7:30 P.M., at St. Francis College, 180 Remsen Street, in downtown Brooklyn.

The course is open to all men, women and teenagers who are interested in pleasure boating, and you don't have to own a boat. If you're a fisherman who wants to get there under inboard or outboard power or a sail-man out for a day on the wind, you'll get the basics of safe boat-handling and piloting that prepares the beginner as well as the Sunday skipper with the marine practices, knowledge and Coast Guard regulations to prevent accidents and make your boating sail-safe.

Squadron members, who are expert skippers, voluntarily teach, free of any charge or obligation, the wide range of subjects that prepare you for next Spring's outings on the sea, lake or river that you're looking forward to. Included are small boat trailering for the traveling man, boat handling afloat, docking and undocking, rules of the road, safety at sea. The introduction to course plotting and using the marine compass equips the beginner as well as the boatmen who haven't taken this course with basic sail-safe position know-how.

United States Power Squadrons is a national organization dedicated to safe boating through education, and Brooklyn Squadron, local unit of USPS has been giving these courses for over fifty years. Thousands of local boatmen have taken these courses and have made the natural resources of our great harbor and local waters theirs for its great fishing and sports boating.

For more information call ST 8-9006 in Brooklyn, or call 800-243-6000 toll free for class information in your area.

The Babylon Tuna Club recently held their annual elections for officers for the coming season and they are as follows:

President, George Mussler; Vice president, George McCord; Treasurer, John Bilitsky; Corresponding secretary, Fred Guardineer; Recording secretary, Adrian Frylink; Membership secretary, Joe Booth; Sgt. at arms, Al Lorenzette; Board of Directors, Bob Poucel, Leon Brunckner and Gary Schneider.

****

TIDES: SOUTH SHORE
SANDY HOOK STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	7:01	7:31
Sat.	7:50	8:20
Sun.	8:37	9:08
Mon.	9:22	9:56
Tues.	10:09	10:44
Wed.	10:54	11:29
Thur.	11:40	--------
	12:16	12:24

	H.	M.
MANASQUAN	-0	12
STATEN ISLAND	+0	07
ROCKAWAY INLET	0	00
Bergen Beach	+0	29
J.F.K. Airport	+0	26
EAST ROCKAWAY INLET	-0	06
Long Beach Bridge	+0	19
JONES INLET	-0	19
Loop Pkwy. Bridge	+0	25
Zachs Bay	+1	25
Gilgo Island	+2	25
Seaford Harbor	+2	05
FIRE ISLAND INLET	-0	38
West Great South Bay	+2	10
Heckscher State Park	+3	20
East Great South Bay	+3	44
MORICHES INLET	-0	56
Smiths Point	+3	28
Harts Cove	+1	30
Potunk Point	+3	35
SHINNECOCK INLET	-0	50
East Quogue	+2	45
Shinnecock Canal	+1	18
Indian Reservation	+3	05

TIDES: L.I. SOUND
WILLETS POINT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	10:48	11:26
Sat.	11:41	--------
Sun.	12:11	12:28
Mon.	1:00	1:12
Tues.	1:41	1:57
Wed.	2:26	2:39
Thur.	3:12	3:28
	3:53	4:19

	H.	M.
Little Neck Bay	-0	10
Execution Light	-0	06
Manhasset Bay	-0	01
Hempstead Harbor	-0	11
City Island	-0	03
Rye Beach	-0	28

TIDES: L.I. SOUND
BRIDGEPORT STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.	10:27	10:58
Fri.	11:18	11:47
Sat.	--------	12:07
Sun.	12:35	12:54
Mon.	1:20	1:43
Tues.	2:06	2:27
Wed.	2:53	3:16
Thur.	3:43	4:09

	H.	M.
Lloyd Point	+0	08
Cold Spring Harbor	+0	08
Bayville Bridge	+0	13
Eatons Neck Point	+0	03
Northport Bay	+0	03
Norwalk Islands	+0	10
Smithtown Bay	-0	03
Cranes Neck Point	+0	05
Port Jeff Harbor	+0	03
New Haven Harbor	-0	08
Mount Sinai Harbor	+0	08
Herod Point	-0	07
Mattituck Inlet	+0	19
Horton Point	-0	20
Truman Beach	-0	42

TIDES: B.I. SOUND
NEW LONDON STATION

DAY	A.M.	P.M.
Thur.		
Fri.	8:25	8:59
Sat.	9:17	9:50
Sun.	10:06	10:39
Mon.	10:55	11:27
Tues.	11:46	--------
Wed.	12:17	12:36
Thur.	1:10	1:27
	2:06	2:26

	H.	M.
Orient Point	+0	27
Connecticut River	+1	10
Little Gull Island (Race)	+0	12
Greenport	+1	04
Southold	+1	43
New Suffolk	+2	26
South Jamesport	+2	32
Shinnecock Canal	+2	33
Noyack Bay	+2	05
Sag Harbor	+0	59
Gardiners Bay	+0	21
Promised Land (Napeague)	-0	14
Fort Pond Bay	-0	29
Montauk Inlet	-0	25
Montauk Point	-1	13

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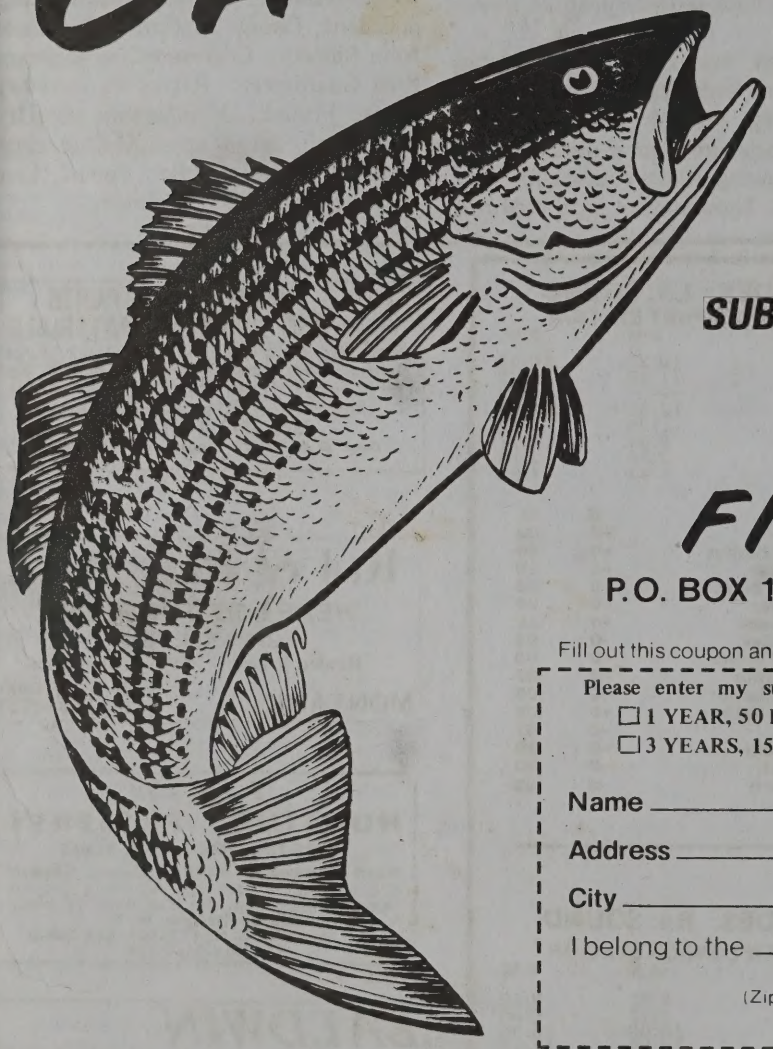

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